

can, unfortunately. •

There has been a lot of speculation about Kent Winslow's identity, but the author clearly wishes to let his writing alone speak for him; he makes no pub-

lic appearances, and keeps his location a secret. But this book is proof that deep in the jumble of crazed civilization there exist tiny outposts of lucid thought, and refusal to submit.



Dream World, a high-quality 291-page paperback, was published by The Match, an international journal of Anarchist news and thought since 1969. Our address is Post Office Box 3488 Tucson, Arizona 85722. Cost of the book is exactly eight dollars. A four-issue subscription to The Match costs ten dollars.

"Anarchism— The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary."

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The book "Dream World" (from a review by S. Armstrong)

DREAM WORLD, by Kent Winslow, is a tale that begins and ends with terrorization by police. The author, reflecting on a lifetime of abuse, brackets his narrative with a dreamlike chase scene as he's pursued by cops down an alley one night in the rain.

He was, as a child, a victim of a kidnapping by his father who subsequently beat, kicked, and shrieked abuse at the kid for some years. Kent escapes after a long time from a life of enslavement among crazy religious fanatics and, hoping to become free, enters college at an institution where instructors act as snitches to the military during years of the Vietnam War. He comes to detest all authority, and winds up editing an Anarchist newspaper.

He's basbed by policemen, charged with phoney crimes, reluctantly let go when the drum-beating judicial farce (partly motivated by newspaper hysteria) thumps to a standstill. He outlives his fellow radicals when they make their eventual peace with a system he can never be

part of; and at the end he longs for a woman he'd loved, whom he'll probably never see again. His friends have vanished, mostly or (like the hideous academic who shows up late in the story) have lost any semblance of ethical concern. He can't get a job, has no money, and the government is barring the printing and circulation of his paper. One of the extremely few promising people he has met lately just got murdered by having his face and head pulped at the local fascistic jail, when cops apparently descended into one of their periodic and frequent frenzies. Hick landlords triple his rent while yakking stupidly in a barely comprehensible variety of subnormal English. He saves a man's life but sits in fear of the police for weeks because of having done it...

He apparently lives within, in other words, a society that has gone completely insane.

But, in an ironic parody of the 1950's advertisements that touted your "Dream Home", or "Dream Car", etc., this frantic and bestial nightmare is not only

Kent Winslow's but everybody's Dream World.

Meanwhile, his low-key insistence on a free, Anarchist society in place of all this authoritarianism, evokes another sense of the title, which we've all heard at some point: "Well, I'm afraid you're just living in a dream world." Kent's actual nightmares, which are repeated variations on a theme, are quite horrific, and it's no wonder. Lunatics with axes and knives hack at him during his hours of sleep and turn his "nights into a hell and (his) waking hours into an agony of dread-ing the nights."

THIS astonishing work, long serialized in the Anarchist journal *The Match*, will as far as most people are concerned stand like a signpost in an unknown language. Provided they could read it, it might give them a lot to think about. But too much stands in the way. The major obstacle to widespread appreciation of this grim (and blackly humorous) book, is the fact that it had to be published by the Anarchist journal that serialized it. So right away the work's possible readership plummets to around .00001 percent of the populace—about two people.

Why did *Dream World* have to be published this way? Well, let's look for a minute at what happened when alleged Mafia crime boss Joe Bonnano got his own book issued by Simon & Schuster. Bonnano's title was *A Man of Honor*, and from all reports its intention was to show

that the author had been a seriously misjudged man: He was not a crook. Whether we believe him or not, surely he has a right to tell his story. However, to Mr. B.'s surprise, when he got the printed volume in his hot hand, he discovered that Simon & Schuster had done a job on him via the cover. There, in glossy color, was the figure of a mobster type in pin-stripe suit, from the neck down, wearing a 1930's - style wide tie. Superimposed was the title, *A Man of Honor*, and below that the words this publisher had added: *Only the Boss of Bosses knows where the bodies are buried.*

Of course this effectively neutralized that writer's whole intent in writing the book. Bonnano sued.

Now, though, think of this: Bonnano was a man who possessed at least the reputation of liking to take his enemies for a fun trip to stay with Jimmy Hoffa in the concrete of Yankee Stadium or somewhere, and even HE can't get his controversial statement out the way he wants it without having his intention undermined and sabotaged:

Siman: "Let's fuck with Joe Bonnano's manuscript!"

Schuster: "Great idea! But wait— what can he do to us?"

Siman: "Sue us or kill us."

Schuster: "La de dah! See if we care! Let's do it!"

Siman: "Oh, gaudy."

...So maybe you can figure the odds of one Kent Winslow in the same situation:

Harper: "Hey! I know what!

Let's fuck with Kent Winslow's manuscript!"

Row: "What a wonderful suggestion! But wait— what can he do to us?"

Harper: "Nat a gaddamned thing! The poor bastard hardly has enough money to be able to eat, let alone sue."

Then before you know it, *Dream World* is on the market; too bad all the excoriating contempt for police is now missing. Too bad the blistering flames of hatred for landlords had to get taken out. What a pity that we couldn't leave all your anti-religious comment in that book, Kent, but, well, it's a better book without all that apinination, believe us. And there on the cover are the words, "Dream World— Only one who has been there knows what goes on among the terrorist Anarchists..."

A book like this could never have been published any other way.

IT'S a work of thoroughgoing alienation and resistance, but far from being a tedious political tract. Even the flip-side of the title page has sobering but inspiring intransigent words in the spot where EVERY other book in the United States of America caves in totally to somebody's brand of imposed control:

"This book has no ISBN (International Standard Book Number) because we have refused to compromise the artistic integrity of the work by obtaining one. We believe that forcing books to have 'standard numbers' is as

adious as making individual persons do so. And while as yet no law does in fact compel publications to bear these numbers, a widespread unthinking compliance sets the stage for eventual enactment of such a statute...

"When it becomes impossible for ISBN-less books to reach the public, whoever is in charge of GRANTING numbers... may subsequently begin REFUSING to award numbers to certain kinds of material (or charging a selective, prohibitively high fee for doing so). The author of *Dream World* hated all such types of attempted censorship... and we therefore wish to make the physical production of his book reflect his adamantness against being ordered to conform."

This is probably the only book that has ever been prefaced (yet) with such an extraordinary comment; even works published by radical organizations meekly set the ISBN seal of approval on them. The penalty is clear: "Without that number," pronounces a librarian, smugly, "we cannot purchase the book." This is not an imaginary quote, nor is the smugness. Interestingly enough, it seems to be true that whenever one runs into people who habitually have to obey any high-handed law, they adopt a peculiar, characteristic tone of self-satisfied reproof as they upbraid you for your "failure" to "see" the need for it. They appear, as a matter of fact, glad that you will now suffer some penalty for refusing. Such is the mentality of the all-too-typical Ameri-